PERSIMMON RECIPES.

Many Ways in Which This Highly Nutritious Yet Greatly Neglected Fruit May be Uused.

The only fruit, says a new publication of the department, Farmers' Bulletin No. 685, which equals the persimmon in its value as a food is the date. Nevertheless many persons with fine persimmon trees in their possession are allowing the fruit to go to waste either through ignorance of the many uses to which it may be put or through prejudice. There is a saying in the persimmon country that persimmons are "good for dogs, hogs, and 'possums." This, however, is declared to be a gross injustice to a very valuable product.

One reason for the neglect of this fruit is the mistaken idea that persimmons are unfit to eat until they have been touched by frost. As a matter of fact much of the best fruit is lost each year because it ripens and falls to the ground, where, not being touched by frost, it is left to rot. Such persimmons as are not edible before frost comes are a late variety of the fruit, and the reason that they pucker the mouth is because they have not yet ripened. In general the best fruit ripens just before the leaves fall.

At the present time the most common use for the fruit in the persimmon belt, which extends from Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas westward through Missouri and Arkansas, is as food for hogs. It can, however, be made up into a large number of very palatable products for human consumption. To be on the safe side it is well to add a half teaspoonful of baking soda to each cupful of persimmon pulp whenever the fruit is subjected to heat. This does away with all risk of astringency, the quality in unripe persimmons which produces the well-known puckering of the mouth. If the fruit is perfectly ripe this precaution is not necessary, but as there is always the possibility of some green fruit finding its way into the pulp it is usually advisable.

The following recipes will be found simple and agreeable:

Persimmon Bread.

1 cup of persimmon pulp.
1 cup of water.
1-2 teaspoonful of soda.
Yeast.
Shortening.
Flour to make a stiff dough.
Set to rise, mold, and bake like other bread.

Persimmon Crumpets.

Take 1 pint of the sponge of persimmon bread which has been set over night, add 1 egg and enough milk to make a thin batter, set to rise for one hour, then bake on a hot griddle like griddlecakes. Serve hot with butter or sirup.

Persimmon Griddlecakes.

1 cup of persimmon pulp.
1 egg.
1 cup of flour.
1 teaspoonful of baking powder.
1-2 teaspoonful of soda.
Milk to make a thin batter.
Bake and serve as above.

Persimmon Cake.

1 cup of persimmon pulp.
1-2 cup of sugar.
1 egg.
1 cup of flour.
1 teaspoonful of baking powder.
1-2 teaspoonful of soda.
Butter of size of a walnut. Bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. For a soft pudding leave out the eggs. For a custard leave out the flour and the baking powder.

Preserved Whole Persimmons.

Put a thin layer of sugar in the bottom of a jar; then a layer of whole ripe persimmons, then a layer of sugar, and so on until the jar is full. The sugar will soon dissolve and form a sirup. Press the upper fruits down under the sirup or add more sirup to the jars. Seal and store until used. The sirup may be drained off and the fruits served like dates, which they will resemble very much in both appearance and flavor.

Persimmon Ice Cream.

2 cups of persimmon pulp.
1 cup of thick, sweet cream.
Beat together thoroughly and freeze like ordinary ice cream. The fruit must be thoroughly ripe and nonastringent.

Persimmon Fudge.

2 cups of persimmon pulp.
2 cups of sugar.
Cook over a slow fire, stirring occasionally, until graining begins. Add 1 teaspoonful of baking soda and stir over the fire until quite stiff. Spread on buttered platter or paraffin paper.

When Baby Has the Croup.

When a mother is awkened from sound sleep to find her child who has gone to bed apparently in the best of health struggling for breadth, she is naturally alarmed. Yet if she can keep her presence of mind and give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy every ten minutes until vomiting is produced, quick relief will follow and the child will drop to sleep to awaken in the morning as well as ever. This remedy has been in use for many years with uniform success. Obtainable everywhere.

His Useful Head.

A Washington man has in his employ a faithful but at times stupid servant in the person of an old darkey named Zeke, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Recently, when the employer had vainly endeavored to get something done in a certain way, he gave up in dispair, exclaiming:

"Zeke! Zeke! Whatever do you think your head is for?"

Zeke, who evidently thought that this was another of the troublesome questions that his employer was always asking, pondered it deeply. Finally he replied:

"Well, boss, I guess it's to keep my collar on."

True philosophy consists in not wanting the things you can't get.

CLEANLINESS THE KEY

In Great Measure Mastery of Premature Death is In Our Hands.

Great things have small beginnings. A spectacle maker, Jan Leippersheim by name, living in Holland, invented a crude magnifying glass in 1608. Anton von Leuwenhoek, born in Delft, this day 1632, improved this clumsy toy and evolved a compound microscope which has become the most valuable sanitary tool yet devised by man. That first microscope was as far removed from the highpowered instrument of today as is the modern American from the original caveman. Yet by this fruity means, Leuwenhoek, naturalist, physician and botanist, discovered certain minute bodies which he called "little animals." He made drawings of these and today we know them for those useful friends and malignant enemies of man—bacteria.

We spend our days surrounded by another world, a living world of countless billions, invisible to the naked eye, silent, tireless, destroying the living, consuming the dead, useful in the sciences and arts, yet often followed by a train of sickness, suffering and death. A curious paradox this, yet bacteria are at once the greatest friends and the fiercest foes of every living thing. Not animals, as Leuwenhoek thought, but vegetables, bacteria consist of two classes, those which prey on living things and those which reduce to their original minerals, fluids and gases, every dead thing which they attack. They are of various shapes, round like marbles or straight like little sticks. They grow in clusters, chains, and in pairs. They are ubiquitious. The dusty air, the earth and its waters, the interior of animals and plants all contain them. They cause the fermentation of foods, they make cheese, they produce disease and some of them when killed and injected into an animal protect it against the very disease which they would have produced if living. Many of them live as harmless creatures in the body of an animal for years, only to kill their host when the opportunity presents. Their study has given birth to a science, bacteriology, one of the foundation stones of public health.

Their mere presence does not necessarily produce disease. Recalling the parable of the sower, some bacteria fall by the wayside, some fall upon stony places, and some fall in good ground and bring forth the fruit of suffering, perhaps of death. A normal, temperate life, free alike from the gluttony of idleness or overwork, the sound mind in the sound body, a cheerful, normal environment, these form the stony places in which bacteria take no root. The depraved appetites of mind and body, the dark and sordid atmosphere of penury, the nerve racking and strength undermining trades, these prepare the good ground.

The great weapon against bacteria is cleanliness. The mastery over premature death lies to a great measure in the own hands. Clean persons, clean cities, clean workshops and clean lives are the makers of public health. The United States Public Health Service and other sanitary bodies of this country are gradually bringing these facts home to the general public. In this way cleanliness is becoming more general, and the span of life in America is gradually being lengthened. All of which is largely due to the microscope.

A WAR STORY

By Savoyard.

I met some Grand Army men around a "camp fire" in a room at the Willard Hotel during the recent Grand Army encampment at the National Capital and related to them the curious experience of a certain Kentuckian during the big war of 1861-65, one of their comrades. All agreed that it was, perhaps, as singular an adventure as even that war produced, and I was requested to "put it in the papers." So here goes.

Some time in 1862 two of Morgan's men, young fellows garbed in plain clothes, went into Glasgow, Ky., to see their sweethearts. One was Jim Bates, a native of Glasgow, and the other was Jim Hines, of Bowling Green. Each was about twenty-years of age. There was a Federal garrison at Glasgow, an Indiana command, and Bates and Hines made a drawing of their camp. It was "county court" day, and a considerable crowd was in town. About noon a squad of soldiers appeared in the court house grove, where the master in chancery was selling some real estate, and arrested the two rebels. Hines slipped teh drawing he had made into the coat pocket of a country fellow who was standing by and he, too, was arrested, the soldiers being fresh from Hoosierdom and not being personally acquainted with anybody in those rebellious parts.

The countryman was Nathon Slinkner—real name Schlenker, which had been corrupted or Anglicized into Slinkner. It was a numerous family in that locality, and every one bitterly anti-slavery and strong for the Union. This young Slinker was exceedingly taciturn, phlegmatic, sluggish, thought he was far from being a fool. He could have cleared himself of the charge, but desired to see Louisville, where he had never been, and here was a cheap way to travel, and so he was hustled off to Louisville as a rebel spy with the other two.

Thomas L. Bramlette, a Federal soldier and the leader of the Union party in Kentucky, was a friend of the families of Hines and Bates and represented to President Lincoln that if these two boys were executed as spies it would mean at least two additional regiments from Kentucky for the Confederate army and thus the charge of spy was withdrawn and the boys sent to Camp Morton at Indianapolis, where they were held as ordinary prisoners of war. In a spirit of mischief Hines and Bates told their captors that Slinker, whom neither of them had ever seen before, was the most reliable and valuable spy Morgan had, and thus Slinker was taken along, too, and incarcerated, though he protested his innocence and his devotion to the Union.

A few days later plans were completed by the prisoners for the escape of one of their officers, and to facilitate it the officer exchanged sleeping bunks with Slinker. It was successful, and then the prison officials were convinced that Slinker was in the plot and about as dangerous a rebel as they had on their hands. Hines and Bates sought to present the true case to the authorities, who would hear none of it, but treated Slinker with exceptional rigor.

A few months later there was an exchange of prisoners and all there, Hines, Bates and Slinker, were sent under cartel to Vicksburg. But the Confederates would have none of Slinker and refused to exchange a Yankee for him. The Federal authorities suspected a trick, and imagined that Slinker, in the opinion of the rebels, could render better service in prison than out. So he was carried back to Indianapolis and again incarcerated. Later he was sent on a cartel of exchange to Old Point Comfort, Va.; but there again the Confederates ignored him and would have none of him. Thus again he was a prisoner at Camp Morton. All the time he protested his loyalty and his abolitionism but it fell on deaf ears.

Months later he was sent to Johnson Island, where there was a camp established in "retaliation" for alleged cruelty to Yankee prisoners at the South. He suffered severely and related his story to a captain in the army stationed there, who gave it credence and advised that he volunteer in the Union army. He agreed if he was allowed to join a Kentucky regiment, and thus he became a member of the Thirty-seventh Kentucky Federal Mounted Infantry, scurrillously called the "Tater Diggers."

He remained with the command till the close of the war and when discharged went back to his old home, telling the folks that he had been visiting his kindred in Missouri.

Now for the strangest part. Many years after the war I was trying to practice law at Edmonton, Metcalfe county, Ky., and two ex-Confederate soldiers, Morgan's men, were visitors to the town trying to sell a patent churn. They were sitting in my office, a county court day, when Slinker passed the door. One of the churn men said:

"I know that fellow. I was in a Yankee prison with him."

"The devil you were!" I exclaimed. "That fellow was an abolitionist before and is now the blackest Republican in the Union."

"I was in prison with him all right," responded my visitor, "and his name is Slinker."

"I rushed to the door and called him and Slinker came in.

"Nate," said I, "these gentlemen say you were in a Yankee prison with them. That is impossible."

A sickly grin came over his face that gradually got broader and broader, and he confessed the charge. Then the two old soldiers told the story as above related and they had a joyous reunion.

At once I set about getting Slinker a pension and filled out a blank application which went off to Washington the next mail. We filed the testimony—all we could get—but the thing hung fire. finally I wrote the whole story of his prison experience to the department and he made oath to it, and a week or two later Nate got on the pension roll.

It is due to him to say that he strove to make me take a bigger fee than the law allowed, but I refused and was glad to find him grateful. It has been many years since I saw him, and I hope he yet lives to enjoy his government's bounty.

What Shall We Eat?

What is a man?

The normal man, weighing approximately 150 pounds on the hoof, is a composition of 92 pounds of water, 21 pounds of fat, 18 pounds of dry proteids, 9 pounds of gelatin, 8 1-2 pounds of phosphate of lime, 1 pound carbonate of lime, 6 ounces phosphate of magnesium, 2-3 of an ounce common salt and chlorid of potassium, 3 ounces sugar and animal starch, and enough iron to make 4 ordinary carpet tacks.

Any material variation from these chemicals, in kind or relative quantity, brings trouble, and to keep the proportion correct requires a menu that will supply these compounds as the body demands them. In other words, man physically is what he eats, and accordingly the choice of foods is rather important.

Food supplies the body's wants in three general ways; first, it furnishes heat; second, energy and, third, it builds up and repairs waste. If comparison may be made with the locomotive, steam is the energy supply, while the upbuilding and repair are accomplished in the machine shop. But the human body has this advantage over the engine in that, with the proper food, it has within itself the capacity for making steam and repairs without outside aid.

Naturally different foods have different values in supplying the twofold demand of the body, including heat and energy under the same head. Some excel in the calorics or heat-producing elements and others furnish larger proportions of proteids, or muscle building units. The doctors and dieticians have figured out the complicated problems, showing the proper proportions of calorics and proteids necessary to insure the best working efficiency of the human machine. They say that for the laborer of average physique the relative supply should be about 556 calorics and carbo-hydrate units, to 118 units of proteids. They have gone farther and have tabulated long lists of foods, giving their values in these units, even giving their market costs per 1000 units, so that it is entirely simple for the profound mathematicism to figure for himself a "balanced ration" necessary for physical perfection and efficiency and what it should cost. The problem is about as fascinating as the calculation of the sun eclipses that are due to darken the heavens in 1951.

A continued overbalancing of either calorics or proteids is quite apt to disarrange the physical system. Too much heat unappropriated by the body from the food induces an accumulation of heat with the natural loss of energy. Too large a proportion of proteid seems to be less threatening, but various intestinal disorders and some skin rashes are said to be among the consequences.

There is much to confirm these scientific calculations in the experience and knowledge of the average person, for he is aware that an exclusive diet of vegetables produces known results, while one that makes meats the principle food is even more harmful. The human body, however, in normal health, seems to have the power of appropriating what it needs from food and of passing off what it does not need, so the inexpert mathematician need not despair of reasonably good health if he will eat moderately and masticate thoroughly the ordinary foods, including in his diet meats, vegetables and fruits and avoiding drinks rating high in their percentages of alcohol.

The matter of climate is not a large element in solving the food problem, for the body requires much the same fuel and repair supply in the temperate and the semitropic zones. Hunger and thirst, the guards of a healthy appetite, should be safe guides in choosing foods, and if the appetite fulfills its properly, there is little need for a profound study of the tables of food values in calorics, carbo-hydrates and proteids.—State Board of Health Bulletin.

THE FAITH OF THE OLD FOLKS.

"At Eventime it Shall be Light."

We are too tired to work—put up the tools;
Too tired for music—let the old harp rest!
Once, for such idleness, we had been fools,
Now it is wisdom—now 'tis only best!

Give us a little spot—out there in th' sun;
A corner, where the fire is warm and bright;
A bit of bread and broth—and we are done,
And ready for our journey in the night.

No, no, we do not miss the labor now;
'Tis strange, perhaps, but all the music's naught;
We do not feel the snow that's on the brow,
The trembling hand brings not a trembling thought.

We like the little quiet, sunny spot;
We chat and doze; we sometimes doze and dream;
The fireside's good—we never get too hot—
And very good our bread and lentils seem!

And—no—we do not dread the trip to come;
One will go first and see it—how it is;
Then wait near by, to call the other home,
And lead along the darker passages!

—Margaret Steele Anderson.

Camphor and Jute at Home.

From time to time of late years attention has been called to the possibilities of production of camphor in our country. In some states of the South there are many quite ornamental camphor trees of consideable size, as in Alabama and Florida, and some of them are quite old and valued as shade trees.

There is recent revival of the thought that crops of camphor may be made profitable in those states and in others of about the same climate and soil, and some of the papers have taken it up after years of silence on the subject. It is represented that the trees of good size recover rapidly from the cutting of the leaves and twigs, from which is distilled the essential oil for production of the solid camphor.

To produce camphor there is no occasion to cut down the trees as is done, or has been done, in Borneo and Sumatra to find the crystalline masses in natural cavities for the production of "hard camphor," which in China brings 50 times the price of the ordinary article.

This product comes from several species of plant life of the lauracea, including the camphor laurel, which may be readily grown in our country. Some Texans who have recently devoted some time to this subject, with experimental planting and cutting, believe that annual crops of seedling trees, grown to a few inches of hight, may be grown and mowed in paying quantities.

We need not be surprised if in a year or two we shall find experimental work for this crop in several states wherein the climate is as well suited to it as is that of Japan or Formosa or China. We know that in the West Indies the plant life necessary to this production flourishes; and also in some South American states. It is reasonable to suppose from what we know of the climate of some of our states south that if attention and energy shall be devoted to the cultivation of the necessary plant life the time may come when we shall not have to go abroad for a pound of this product.

Another production in which our states south may make us independent of other countries is jute. The Enquirer recently printed an interesting statement from a writer in Bolivia to the effect that Florida ought to produce the jute plant and turn the fiber into the bags to supply the immense demand of that country for their use in transporting ores. There is belief that the jute plant, closely allied to the lime, can be produced in our Southern states just as well as in India, and that the fiber might be made into the coarse textiles in our country as in Scotland and elsewhere; that Dundee should no longer import jute if only we will produce the plant in quantities.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

(For the benefit of the Enquirer it may be said that Florida is already engaged in the camphor growing industry and a 2,000 acre farm in this Putnam County, has been shipping crude gum for several years.—Editor News.)

Why the Bad Eye Escapes.

There is no alibi for a bad eye. Still, a lot of people never look as high as the eyes. They stop at the diamond in the scarfpin.—Irvin S. Cobb in Saturday Evening Post.

Wise Distribution.

"Is Jinks a careful business man?"

"Very. He never asks the same bank to discount his paper more than twice in the same week."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity—the more we dispense of it the greater our possession.—Victor Hugo.